

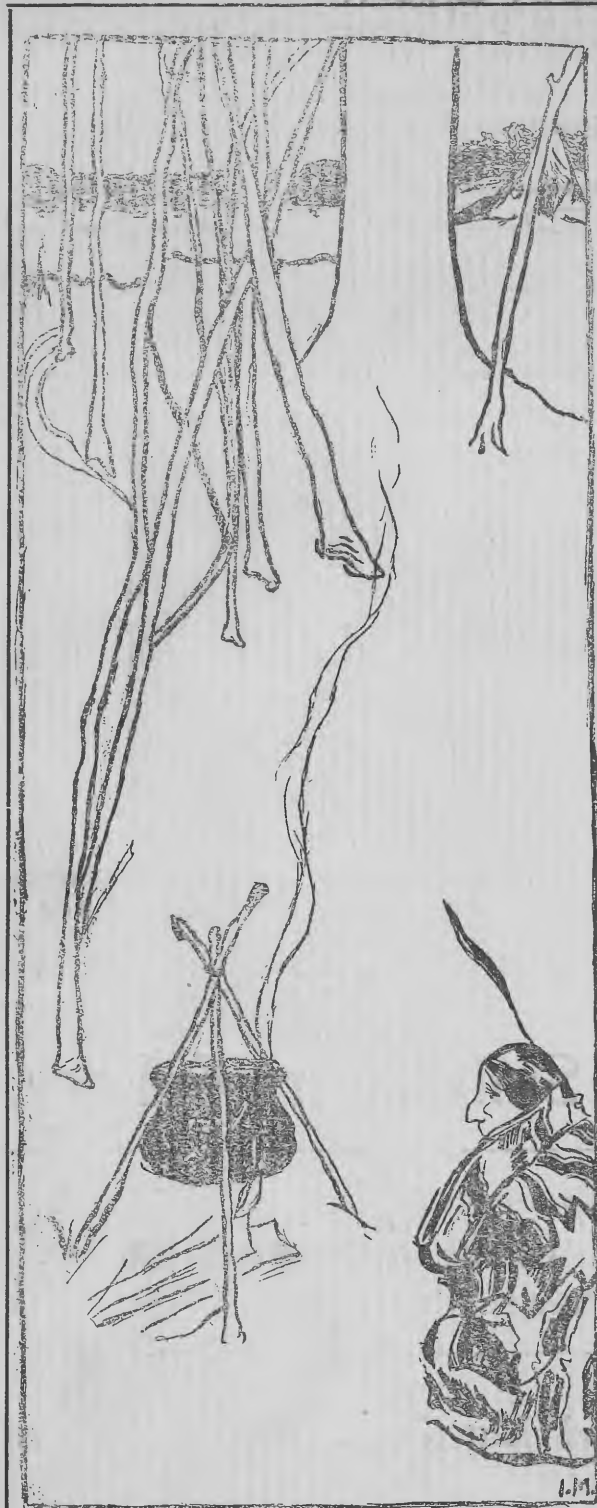
VOLUME I.

NUMBER 5.

# THE METUOK

FEBRUARY

1901



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# THE HETUCK.

VOL. I.

NEWARK, OHIO, FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 5



## AN INDIAN LEGEND



California justly boasts of as beautiful scenery as any country in the world. Switzerland, with her many crystal lakes and rugged cliffs, and her far-famed snow-wreathed Blanc, loses some of its attraction when viewed beside the many wonders of California. Chief among the beauties of this western state are its large trees, rearing their lofty heads heavenward till lost in the morning mist, or mingled with the blue clouds that hover beneath the sunlit dome of heaven, and its beautiful lakes about which cling touches of romance and mystery.

The Gold Lake distinguished by its magic beauty, lies high up in the mountains midway between Downieville and the Sierra Valley. It is fed by the melting snows that cover the hoary-headed Buttes and other small elevations of minor importance. Near the lake is a hotel and hither many people flock to enjoy the pure mountain air and boat ride upon the crystal surface, three miles long and one and one-half miles wide.

In 1850 a gold panic was created among the ignorant miners who supposed this lake to be lined with gold, pearls and precious stones—hence its name—Gold Lake.

But another legend, to my mind more attractive, hovers about the Gold Lake, which legend had its origin in the period of the red men.

Hotakah, who relates this legend, is now blind. He has lived more than a century and marks each year by a notch on a stick. Many pitiless storms of winter have beaten upon the faded locks and unprotected head of this ancient Piute, but he does not complain.

Many years ago the Piute tribe was very strong, its numbers being counted by the thousands, and over the land between the Humboldt river and the Honey Lake valley they wandered unmolested.

No feud or animosity then existed between this tribe and the Washoes; each hunting ground was the common property of the other, and a friendly relation had sprung up between them.

It is not to be supposed that they drank freely of science in those days, but they were a braver, more stalwart race of men than the now degenerated race may ever hope to be. This unbroken brotherhood and friendship remained until a circumstance occurred which caused a deadly enmity to spring up, which will linger with the red men until the last trace of an Indian tribe is obliterated by the onward march of civilization.

One morning just as the monarch of the day had climbed over his red battlements in the East, a white man, pale and hungry looking, came down the mountain side and asked at the lodge of Kaywoodtuck, the chief, for food. They gave the tired wanderer dried berries and roasted venison, and nursed him until he grew strong.

He soon became reconciled to his fate and in a few moons had learned their language and joined their hunting parties. Whether of high or low birth, the Indians knew not, but two things they did know—that he was the first white man to roam in their forests, and that from his arrival misfortune visited the Piutes; the coming of the pale face was an omen of ill-luck.

Fortune favored this man and he soon gained the affection of the prettiest daughter of Kaywoodtuck, who loved him with the ardent love of her race. Soon a little girl came to brighten their home, and as she grew into a beautiful maiden, she received the name of Kahlanno (a pretty dancer). This charming girl had two lovers, Moowatoo and Hochoero, the latter of the tribe of Washoes, and it was for him that she



showed a great preference, against the wishes of her mother and others of the Piute tribe because they wished their brother Mowatoo to be favored.

Kahlanno grew more fascinating each day, sharing the Indian cunning of her mother and the pale beauty of her father. About this time the white man suddenly disappeared as mysteriously as he had come and although many conjectures were made the real cause of such actions was never known.

Hochero had often sat by the lake-side pouring devotion into Kahlanno's willing ears, and both inhaled the bewildering beauty of the surrounding scenery. He told not his burning words of love by the white light of noon-day, but his love tones were whispered long after the wierd crimson of evening had passed away, and when the bright-eyed stars kept their tireless watch in the heavens.

Mowatoo became very jealous of his rival and when Kahlanno refused his hand, a great passion flamed up in his breast, and the thought of revenge became sweet.

Soon after the two suitors were hunting together when a quarrel arose, and with the rashness of an Alexander, Mowatoo drew a poisoned arrow from his quiver and pierced his rival's breast. Cold distrust crept down into Kahlanno's heart as she saw the hat-

red of her own people for her, and even her own loving mother despised her for the white blood in her veins.

The love of Mowatoo could not fill the aching vacuum at her heart, and one night when the moon had risen and was quietly shedding silvery light on the earth, she stole to the side of the lake where so many happy hours had been spent. Stepping into her light canoe Kahlanno moved out upon the water until the middle of the lake was gained, when she raised herself in the boat only to sink again in the calm water. Death rested upon her soul, the feverish dream of life was over, and all was still.

The hand that killed the Indian lover became palsied, and whenever Mowatoo came to the lake to bathe his shrunken limbs, a muttering was heard, as great as the thunders of Sinai. Nature became convulsed, for the Great Spirit was angry. The campfires went out and the Piutes fell; their councils were broken up and their lodges moved further into the wilderness. When the sturdy oaks refused to yield their acorns, they knew a great curse was upon them, and an air of faded pomp and grandeur followed the waning glory of a once distinguished tribe.

M. E. W. '02.

### JUDY IN THE LABORATORY.

One morning Judy did not care to stay in the astronomy class, so the professor kindly allowed him to retire to the laboratory. Judy being a noted chemist, proceeded to mix something he knew not what, for it was everything he could find in the way of chemicals.

Having mixed them thoroughly he placed a flame in the midst of this most wonderful compound. Alas! for Judy no longer knew of this world and its revolutions and rotations, that he cared so much to hear of in the astronomy class.

By the most subtle of perfumes coming from this fiery mixture of his former brewing he had inhaled enough gas to send him into a land of sunshine and flowers where he would have no cares, but could play, and do only as he wished.

Judy, being no ordinary person, but having a strength equal to several medium humans and a great strength of will power to resist this overwhelming

incense he merely became unconscious, and this is what he dreamed:

Ah! no more lessons in class for me  
For I am lord of all, you see!  
Now for foot ball at noon in the street,  
No professor's or mayor's objections to meet;  
I can throw candy and books to the wind,  
Neither teachers nor any one coming to find  
Me engrossed with the pleasures of a baby mind.  
I'll wink at the girls when I get the chance,  
And into that fruit stand I'll cast a sly glance  
To see if she's standing and watching for me.  
But this life, this happy harmless life!  
If you would enjoy it come in with me.  
Some one is coming from the world with its strife.  
Well it's the Prof! Must I go back with thee?

—M. C. P. '01.

When Miss Moore looks o'er her golden rims,  
And beats a merry tattoo,  
You know you have done or are doing now,  
Something you ought not to do.



## Eben Holden: A Tale of the North Country



Eben Holden: A Tale of the North Country, by Irving Bacheller, an American writer, is probably the most popular among the books of the year. It is the autobiography of an orphan and a fun-loving, kind hearted old man, known as Eben Holden.

Eben Holden, or Uncle Eb, as Willie called him, took the boy after his father and mother had been drowned, in a basket on his back and started off in the night.

During a night which they spent in a lonely, deserted cabin, Willie woke up and saw a man standing in the doorway. In the morning he found Uncle Eb sick with the "rheumatiz," which forced them to remain there the two following nights, and each night the "night man" appeared and talked with Uncle Eb. When Uncle Eb recovered enough to travel, they pursued their journey till they reached David Brower's house, where they commenced their life in Paradise Valley.

The Brower family now consisted of David, his wife Elizabeth, daughter Hope, and a baby Gerald, Eben Holden, and their adopted son, Willie Brower. Their oldest child Nehemiah, had left home when sixteen years of age to become a sailor.

After five years in Paradise Valley Willie learned more concerning the "night man," whom many declared to be the ghost of a murdered boy. Tip Taylor said that many years before, a boy named Nehemiah Brower killed another boy by accident, then ran away and was drowned while on his way to Van Dieman's Land.

When Willie was sixteen years old, David Brower sold his farm and moved to town where Hope continued her study of music, and Willie entered college. After his graduation Willie and Uncle Eb left for New York, Willie to seek his fortune in the city, Uncle Eb to see Hope and bring her home for a short visit.

William sought work on the New York Tribune, and was told by Greeley to write an article on rats. He wrote the article and left it at the office, and was told that he would be sent for when needed. His supply of money soon came to an end and since he received no summons from Greeley he commenced pounding rock in the street. While he was working Greeley came and told him to report at the office the next day.

The war soon broke out, Lincoln issued a call for volunteers, and William enlisted. He took part in the Battle of Bull Run, and was left on the field when the battle was ended. When he believed himself to be dying he heard some one calling him, and he answered as loudly as possible. Then the unknown approached, picked him up, and carried him rapidly away.

When his term of enlistment expired he returned home. At Jersey City he was met by Hope and Uncle Eb. On Christmas day Hope and William returned to Hillsborough, and that day Uncle Eb gave David Brower a check for twenty thousand dollars signed by Nehemiah Brower. Then the door opened and a man entered, whom Uncle Eb introduced as Nehemiah. Nehemiah then told the story of his life since he left home: When a boy he killed a companion by accident, then went to sea. While cruising to Van Dieman's Land a shipmate was washed away during a storm and in his box was found a letter which said his real name was Nehemiah Brower of Faraway, N. Y., U. S. A. Six years later he returned to Paradise Valley, and made his home in the forest and in the deserted cabin, where he met Uncle Eb and William. He was the "night man" and it was he who carried William off the field of Bull Run.

His only friend was Uncle Eb who constantly urged him to return to his people, and who finally gave him money to start life anew.

After some years Uncle Eb and David Brower died, Mrs. Brower lived on in the old home, Hope and William were married, and Nehemiah married Margaret Fuller, for many years a night worker in the missions of New York.

The story of Eben Holden's life is ended. A life which may be summed up in the words graven on his tombstone:

"I ain't afraid.  
'Shamed o' nuthin' I ever done.  
Alwus kep' my tugs tight.  
Never swore 'less 'twas nec'sary,  
Never ketched a fish bigger'n 'twas,  
Er lied 'n a hoss trade,  
Er shed a tear I didn't hev to.  
Never cheated anybody but Eben Holden.  
Goin' off somewheres Bill, dunno the way,  
nuther—  
Dunno 'f it's east er west er north er south,  
Er road er trail;  
But I ain't afraid."

—J. E. M., 02.



## Interpretative Reading

The teachers of the County Institute enjoyed a rich treat last Saturday afternoon in the lecture of Prof. William I. Crane, of Dayton. His theme was "Interpretative Reading."

Mr. Crane said: It is a question whether the average pupil in our public schools who reads in so beautiful an elocutionary manner, really reads at all.

I want to tell you a story. This is Dr. Venable's story, but since I had the same experience, I may say it is my story, too. When I was a small boy these questions used to go the rounds of the play ground:

"Can you read?  
Can you write?  
Can you smoke  
Your daddy's pipe?"

To all of these I gave an unhesitating "Yes," for—I read in the sixth reader when I was quite small; I could write my name; and I did once try to smoke my daddy's pipe. When, however, a few years ago, I spent two hours over a single paragraph of Hegel's Philosophy of History, endeavoring to find out what he intended to say in it, I came to the conclusion that I had been rather hasty in my answers and that I could not read. When I then took up pencil and paper, and tried to put down what I thought the old German intended to say, I found that I had been too hasty here also and that I could not write. I then wondered about the third of those questions—"Can you smoke your daddy's pipe?"—and I decided it must mean more than we used to think it did—can the men of today do what their fathers' were able to do? To this also I was obliged to answer "No."

In primitive times when each family lived in a grove by itself and held no communication with the family in the next grove, there was no need of language, because each man was next to the thing he wanted and these things were real to them. Later on, when communication between families began, it was necessary to have something to stand for the things they wished to talk about—something to help them to realize these things, so they began to use symbols. This brings us to the definition of a word—a word is a symbol. Let me right here give you the

definition of a library. If you could have a library containing all the books that have ever been written you would have simply a collection of symbols.

The trouble with our school children today is that they are reading words—as Hamlet says in reply to the question of Polonius: "What do you read, my lord?" "Words, words, words." The trouble also with many of our teachers is that they are teaching the children words instead of realities. They forget that there are real mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes, and are simply teaching the geography that is in the book. Not long ago a young girl was asked in an examination: "Do any rivers empty into the Miami?" Her reply was, "I don't know," when the fact was that one of the tributaries of the Miami was flowing almost within sight of her school room window. Had she been taught geography, or had she simply been taught words?

We cannot bring all the real things into the school room—we must use symbols to represent them; but, oh, let us try to have the children see the real things through and behind the symbols. A little child has the most powerful imagination possible to any human being; when we get older our imaginations become dulled. Have you never watched a little girl as she cautions you to be quiet: "Shoo! my dolly's sick, and I've sent for the doctor to come to see her." That is just as real to her as though it were a little baby she held in her arms. Cultivate these imaginations while they are susceptible, and let the child live in a real world and not in a world of symbols.

I want to take a very common reading lesson and let you see just what I mean. I have chosen Tennyson's Slumber Song, as given in *The Princess*.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying morn, and blow,  
Mlow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one  
sleeps.



"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest  
 Silver sails all out of the west  
 Under the silver moon;  
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one  
 sleep."

As the child reads over these words, do they mean anything to him? Do they bring any picture before his eyes? Just give your imagination reign for a few moments and look at this picture with me. Up on the north-western coast of England, I see a bleak, sandy seashore and a cluster of low fishermen's huts. As I pass along the irregular street I come to a hillside, and up on that hillside, a little thatched-roofed cottage stands all alone, looking out over the bay. As I noiselessly approach the open door, I see a mother with a little child in her arms, while beside her is a little, low, old-fashioned crib. She is hushing the babe to sleep and as she looks out over the bay she can see the white sails of the fishing vessels, in one of which is her husband and the child's father. So she sings softly:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the eastern sea!  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
 Blow him again to me;  
 While my little one, while my pretty one  
 sleeps."

Then putting the little one gently down in the crib, with that most beautiful thing in all the world—the love-light of a mother—upon her face, she sings directly to the child:

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
 Silver sails all out of the west  
 Under the silver moon:  
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,  
 sleep."

Will not the words mean something to the children now after you have given them this picture?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Crane also took up the poem "To a Blue Bell" in the same way—making the picture so vivid that the stillness of the room while he was speaking could almost be felt.

He followed this with a prose lesson, a little seashore sketch by Lucy Larcom, telling of little Margery as she wondered about the sea and the sky and the birds, and all the great world that she so loved to live in; while her poor practical mother, with her heart in the ginger cakes in the oven, that she feared would burn, thought: "What a queer child Margery is. I wonder what kind of a woman she will make!"

A poem describing the scene in a humble home the night before Christmas came next; and then he took up that wonderful collection of puns and witticisms written by Thomas Hood entitled, "Nellie Gray."

He closed with an earnest plea that the children be taught to see—the intellectual side of their natures, and to feel—the heart side; that in after life they may be able to hold converse with the great men of all ages through the books that these men have left us.

—M. E. M.

#### BRITANIA WEEPS.

From across the trackless waters which divide the nations of the world, has flashed the message: "The Queen is dead."

The mighty billows of the broad Atlantic have caught the sad refrain and as they dashed against the shores of foreign climes, they seemed to echo the same sad song—the closing notes of "Life's Lullaby." Mountain speaks to mountain and valley to hill, while nature seems to chant a requiem whose mournful strains reach earth's remotest bounds.

"As one touch of nature makes the whole world akin," so human sympathy forgets all save love and respect for her whom the "pale rider" has dethroned.

America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, "and her islands of the sea," stretch forth their willing hands across the mighty waters and extend a nation's sympathy while "the pulse beats of American's millions" form a fitting accompaniment to England's song of sorrow.

Queen Victoria, grand and true, though small of stature, yet mighty in intellect, has been laid to rest in the earth from whence all nature springs to life and grandeur.

Her departed soul has gone to a more excellent resting place than nature's art or man's device is able even to devise.

Although encumbered with millions, when moving upon this terrestrial ball, her soul was able to take with it not even the "widow's mite." H. E. CHINZ.

## THE HETUCK.

A Monthly Magazine, Published by the Seniors of the  
High School, Newark, Ohio.

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## EDITORIAL

The reading room has added the "Wide World" to  
its list of magazines. This is similar to the "Ameri-  
can Review of Reviews".

Prof. Humes has moved his office to the Sopho-  
more Commercial Department in order to keep his  
watchful eye upon the sophomore's active move-  
ments.

The first sleighing in two years has been greatly  
enjoyed by Newark's young people. It seems that  
nearly every room (below the high school) that  
could scrape up five dollars gave a bob ride.

The subscription money for The Hetuck has been  
coming in rapidly from the pupils. We wish to draw  
attention to the fact that the subscription is fifty  
cents a year in "advance", and if not paid thus will  
amount to ten cents a single copy or ninety cents.

Prof. Humes, becoming disgusted at the poor work  
in the literary societies, had each teacher look after  
the articles prepared by the pupils in her room. The  
programs are now improving wonderfully, showing  
what our pupils are capable of.

The University Extension Course of Lectures have  
proved a great success so far, quite a large audience  
having been present at them. The lectures are well  
worth hearing, and are illustrated by unusually fine  
stereopticon views. They will be given every two  
weeks instead of every week as was before stated.

We noticed recently that the principal of the high  
school in one of our neighboring cities was dis-  
charged for hugging the girls. We wish to state  
most emphatically that nothing of the kind occurs  
at our school—the girls here are not so attractive!  
Neither would our tall principal stoop to such con-  
duct(?)

Next year is Newark's hundredth anniversary and  
it is only proper that this event should be fittingly  
celebrated, as Newark is a city destined to take its  
place among the leading cities of the state. Other  
cities have celebrated their centennials and it is  
only mete that Newark should do likewise. Newark  
is one of the oldest places in the state, with many  
points of interest, as the encampment grounds, and  
the Old Fort, with relics of the mound builders, so  
that the celebration could easily be made a most in-  
teresting and enjoyable one. It is hoped that this  
will soon be taken in hand and preparations made.

We see several of our exchanges making a plea  
for honesty in school athletics.

Ringers should never be tolerated. A high school  
team should fairly and squarely represent the high  
school. We are sorry to say that in our own city  
a team has now and then been organized under the  
name of the high school, but which had no connec-  
tion with the high school whatever. In fact a real  
high school boy on the team was a rara avis. Our  
neighbors can rest assured that any team coming  
from Newark, and claiming to be a high school  
team is bogus, unless it has the certificate of the  
principal.

The second semestre of school opened Monday, January 28. The Seniors are taking the reviews with their other studies—one half of the class taking arithmetic first, and the other half grammar and history; then, later they will exchange sections. It is an excellent idea to have these reviews in the Senior year for we find we have forgotten a good deal more during these three years and a half than some people ever knew.



One of the days to which children look forward with great pleasure is Valentine's Day. It is there the love tokens and missives are looked for. It is said that on this day it is the boy's place to send the Valentines, but we are afraid this rule is not always observed and that the girls sometimes forget that as Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* says: "A maiden hath no tongue but thought." In the olden times this day played a large part in the lives of the older people as well as in those of children, and a most important factor in the wooing and winning of many a fair maiden. In school, years ago, we used to have Valentine boxes, and what a pleasure they were! But now we are too old for such things and it does seem too bad!



#### THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

Who can describe her? She is a problem of contradictions. There are various kinds belonging to the species—a few of which will be classified.

The lovable high school girl, never out of place, perhaps not remarkably quiet, but never boisterous nor unladylike, thinking of others besides herself, doing little acts of kindness, enjoying a joke, but never hurting a fellow pupil's feelings by so doing.

The nibby high school girl, always meddling with others' affairs, appearing just at the time when she is least wanted or expected, causing sudden hitches in conversation and the exchange of knowing glances. Will she never stop nibbling?

The society girl, who, tired out with last night's dissipation, comes to school the next morning, listless and unable to concentrate her thoughts. No lessons are prepared for the day, and she is now totally unable to do anything with them; thus they must slide, all on account of last night's jollification.

The girl who tries to be bright, perhaps she will give her opinion unasked and unwanted. Maybe she

will enter into a conversation on a subject of which she is totally ignorant, then what a mix up! Or perhaps she may try to fool the professor, letting on she has her lesson, but this she does to her own sorrow, causing embarrassment on her side and laughter on the part of the pupils.

The "no need to bother girl." When difficult questions must be looked up for class she thinks "What's the use of my bothering, let others do that; I don't like it." What of this girl in after life—will she ever succeed? That is the question. Can we expect others to bear everything while we stand by and look on? No, we must all take our turn at the wheel and do our share of the work. Best begin while life is young, while there is abundant energy. Let us bear our own burden and strengthen ourselves to bear others? First sow the seed and later reap what we have sown.

A. C. F., '01.

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#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle; if your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Make few promises. Live up to your engagements.

Keep your secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Always live within your income.

Earn money before you spend it.

When you retire for the night, think over your actions of the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Never play any game of chance.

Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a

Never speak ill of anyone.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.



## SCRIBLETS.

Most men can think—in a way. That way is the way other men have thought. The man who can think his way—for himself, thinks more than for himself—thinks for the world.

The man who is always condemning himself with the hope that others will praise him, usually knows that he deserves it—the condemnation.

Don't scatter. Have one grand, true ideal, and in attaining that you will attain all others.

A man's measure is best taken by himself with his inmost mind, and the smaller he feels himself to be the greater appearance does he try to make.

Some people do one smart thing, and live off its reputation the rest of their lives. Others do a lot of little things which are really worthy, but have to die before they get their praise.

Behind the darkest cloud the sun is ever shining.

Count no man really great who knows not little things, for of such are great things made.

Success is a question of judgment.

The hope of the future is the buoy of the present.

The really great man has no time to try to make others think he is great.

Life is a great ocean upon which each of us is floating in our own canoe. We may float with the wind and tide; we may drift with the idling crowd; we may leave them behind with our strength; we may sink from our carelessness, but which of these we do depends upon ourselves alone. Some of us awake from birth in a canoe of bark, while others find themselves in one of gold, and while that's the kind we are always wanting, it has been the world's experience that the one of bark runs easier and floats longer, and that the race is to him who starts thus equipped.

Most people hate pity. Therefore there are few who know how to receive sympathy graciously, because they confuse the two.

In judging the world people often look into their own hearts. That's the reason there's so many pessimists.

You had a good chance yesterday! you have a better one today, but it won't improve tomorrow, for tomorrow never comes.

A paper tears where it's creased. A man yields where he's flattered.

The little things of the days make the great things of the years.

The more happiness you give to others the more you left for yourself.  
—H. E. THINK.

\* \* \* \*

## "THE SAYINGS OF ELDER ELLERY."

'Tis not always the man who prays the loudest who means the most.

The best way to get even with the world is to keep ahead of it.

Due praise to a person is a good thing; but too much of it acteth like water on a sponge.

A long coat often hideth a multitude of patches.

Less creed and more Christ, and most churches would fare better.  
—H. E. THINK.

\* \* \* \*

## "PROVERBS RETOLD."

A time for everything and everything in its time.

"There's no use crying over spilled milk" and in nine cases out of ten there's no use spilling it.

"There's many a wise word spoken in jest," and there's many a laughable word spoken in what would be wisdom.

"When between the devil and the deep sea—hire a boat." When between the devil and the deep sea—knock him down.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," but each slip only makes the cup the sweeter.

"Still water runs deep, with the devil at the bottom of it." That doesn't show that noise is always a sign of goodness.

"Great minds run in the same channel." Not nearly so much as little minds. Great minds think



independently and work out individual opinions,  
while the little ones trot along in the same old rut.

—H. E. THINX.

\* \* \* \*

A man has no right to have his life spoiled by a single event. Such things sometimes happen—often happen, but they have no right to. \* \* \* \*

A city of 5000 people can have 1000 bad, and yet be a good city. If the 4000 good are really worth much the 1000 bad will only make the others better.

A man may be getting along fairly well, and then have something happen—some bright hope vanish in a rain-bow, some high ideal shattered. Then he gets tragic—not to the world, maybe, but to himself. He makes himself believe all is lost, that Hope is dead, that Life is worthless. He says he's broken, that his rudder is lost, and hereafter he will drift as the winds drive.

Iron gets very soft and weak when being tempered, but after the process is over, when it's steel, the weaker it was the stronger it is now. It was made weak to be made strong.

A misfortune, a sorrow, a broken ideal, should temper, mature, help the mind—not break it; should teach that the greatest joy is a struggle conquered, and that only he who has blundered in the valley of Despair can look down from the mountain top of success with a true idea of the grandeur of his height.

—H. E. THINX.

#### FRESHMEN SCRIBS.

"Freshman on the onward road,  
As you wander round about,  
Stop a moment and reflect,  
Does your mother know your route?"—Ex.

Be careful freshman what you do;  
Follow mamma's kind advice,  
And never dare attempt a thing,  
Unless you think about it twice.

A warning we extend to you.  
We knew our place and kept it, too,  
When we were Freshmen—so  
Should you.

\* \* \* \*

#### Moral or Epitaph.

Learn here my friend and do not sigh  
As you are now (so once was I)  
As I am now, so you shall be;  
Prepare for death, and follow me.

### Literary Societies.

The following programs were rendered by the literary societies during the month of February:

#### February 1, by Society A:

Song .....	School
Essay .....	Fred Metz
Current Events .....	Harry Pigg
Reading .....	Sadie Urevis
Letter .....	Earl Holman
Letter .....	Harold Hartshorn
Parody .....	Carl Dayton
Oration .....	Olive Norman

\* \* \* \*

#### February 8, Society B:

Music .....	School
Recitation .....	Norton Beecher
Essay .....	Ray Evans
Oration .....	Winifred Jones
Select Reading .....	Amy Rossin
Violin solo .....	Mary Eldridge, Vineyard Haven, Mass.
Recitation .....	Blanche Taylor
Essay .....	Lizzie Yantz
Oration .....	Aaron Warman
Select Reading .....	Jessie Bartholomew
Music .....	Glee Club
Current Events .....	Pearl Merrick
Essay .....	Virgil Erman
Song .....	School

\* \* \* \*

#### February 15, Society A:

Music .....	School
Recitation .....	Maud MacConnell
Essay .....	Jennie Coole
Oration .....	Ada Odgers
Select Reading .....	Bessie Morgan
Essay .....	W. Bolin
Oration .....	Leonard Graham
Select Reading .....	Will McNamara
Music, instrumental .....	Edna Norman
Current Events .....	Verne Priest
Essay .....	Frank Horner
Music .....	School

\* \* \* \*

#### February 21, Society B:

Music .....	School
Current Events .....	Bernice Clark
Essay .....	Mary Owens
Recitation .....	Bess Laird
Book Review .....	Edna Goff
Solo .....	Grace MacConnell
Autobiography .....	Louise Graff
Oration .....	Rose McClain
Table .....	Jerome Ferguson
Select Reading .....	Florence Hull





## Does a College Education Pay?



"Does a college education pay?" How often we hear this question asked especially by the pupils in the upper grades of our high schools, who are trying to decide whether they shall continue the struggle for a higher education or at once plunge into the battle of life?

A few decide this question to their own satisfaction, but the greater number let the surrounding conditions settle it for them and as a result a large majority lose the chance of gaining a higher education. It seems so much easier to them to settle down in a respectable and moderately well paying situation than to begin the frequently very hard struggle for a college course.

Now this is a very bad state of affairs for a college education does pay and will do so to a much greater extent in the future than at present. For this is an age of specialties, but the specialist must have a very broad knowledge of everything pertaining to his business, and the successful man of today and tomorrow is the one that has one line of business and has studied everything which bears in the slightest degree on the subject in hand. Also the man with a college training has a much broader view, his dim horizon having been cleared by means of study and his contact with the different natures of his fellow-students, and he is better equipped to fight the battles of life than a person with a poorer education, and the four or five years spent in acquiring this education are more than compensated for through the training given the mind by systematic study and research. And his consequent rise in business circles is so much more rapid that he soon overhauls and passes those who had the advantage of an earlier start, but the disadvantage of a poorer preparation.

Now a person need not become a professional from the fact that he has acquired a college education, but the training that he obtained will help him in any line of business, although the subjects which he studied may have no immediate bearing upon his business. This fact is testified to by some of our most successful business men, and it is demonstrated in all branches of business, for while a man without an education may make that which will seem an al-

most perfect success yet what unknown possibilities might have been brought forth by the advantage of a higher education. As a matter of fact if you wish to become a professional, a college course is indispensable.

Then laying aside the commercial value of a college training, the well educated man after having achieved success in a commercial life gives up his business, and placing aside all business cares, prepares to enjoy himself in his leisure and old age; and here again his education steps in, and the last years of his life are full of true enjoyment, but the man without this education, after probably having achieved the same business success, prepares to enjoy himself in his old age, but this is impossible, for his whole mind and thought during his past life, have been centered on business, so that as his mind has never turned itself aside to anything else, it is not able to do so now, and he is able to enjoy himself in no way, and as a result he returns to his business, where he stays until his death; thus after all his hard work he has never tasted any real enjoyment or leisure.

These are a few of the many benefits and pleasures to be derived from a college education, leaving out entirely the immediate pleasures to be enjoyed during your college course and the pleasant recollections which you will enjoy to recall for the rest of your life, and which of themselves are said to be worth the struggle for a college course, although you may have to put yourself through, but this rather adds than detracts from the pleasures.

H. E. B. '01.

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### "BICKERINGS OF A BACHELOR."

"Her face was her fortune." She's now in the poor house.

"Money doesn't make the man." Man makes the money, and his wife spends it.

"Beauty's only skin deep." In most cases it isn't that.

Music's a good thing in its place, but its place isn't in a flat.



## FIVE MINUTE TALKS—V



F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

What are high schools for? Certainly the people believe they are essential or they would not build edifices for them, equip them generously, and then pay a large sum of money for their maintenance. But for the public high school, the pupils would have to attend private academies to secure any higher education, at a cost to each of several hundred dollars for tuition. Students should never forget that they are educated in high schools by the generosity of the public, and in return owe the community a debt of gratitude as well as a profitable return in scholarship and discipline. Instances have been known where students acted as if they thought they were privileged persons, quite independent of the community. The West Point cadets gradually cultivated that illusion, but the Congressional committee has done much to disabuse them of that false notion. It is by no means a settled principle what a high school course should include. In different ages there has been a great variety in the choice of subjects, and the methods of instruction. Higher education among the ancient Greeks comprised philosophy, logic, mathematics, poetry (epic, dramatic and lyric), and physical culture. In recent centuries with us Americans, it followed the English traditional culture, including Greek and Latin, mathematics, English literature, and rhetoric. Gradually sciences have been introduced, at first physics and botany; then of late years chemistry, geology, zoology, astronomy, physical geography. Of recent introduction too are French and German, and civics. Formerly most of these subjects were left to the colleges. The ordinary city high school in America today gives courses equal to those pursued at colleges in the earlier days of Harvard and Yale. The commercial course, now becoming general, is a recognition of the claims of students who wish to prepare specially for a business career, but with some literary culture. No one can complain of a lack of opportunity for higher education at this dawn of the new century. The chance is so available that perhaps it is not appreciated so much as when difficult to obtain.

Merely acquiring information is not gaining an education. A person that becomes a reservoir of stat-

istics is more likely to be a freak than a scholar. Knowledge is of service to us only as we use it. Education includes the application of knowledge. It is a settled principle that a course in a high school is effective just in so far as it trains pupils to observe, think and reason; in other words it should develop the functions of the mind, viz: Sense-perception, comparison, reflection, judgment, reason, and the will, as well as memory. Courses have been ingeniously framed that performed this work of training the intellect quite as well as those in common use, and yet comprised a range of studies entirely different. Those we have are generally selected from a supposition that they are peculiarly useful in fitting youths for the "battle of life." This presumption, however, is being called in question. It is truly pointed out that "battle of life" changes conditions every quarter or half century. What suited our grandfathers in their environments does not necessarily suit us, either in other respects or in education. Indications point to the probable re-casting of the high school course in the larger cities within a decade, and the gradual changing of the curriculum in smaller cities, villages and the rural communities, as the appreciation of the newer matters is slowly realized. Certain states, too, are away ahead of others in matters of educational change, progress, reform. We used to think of Massachusetts as a leader; then Michigan. Both are distanced now by several states. The banner is being carried in the van today by several western states, notably Indiana and Iowa. Ohio is awakening, but is yet too conservative. New York is unfortunately hide-bound by its "board of regents," so that examinations of the most injurious and inconsiderate style are made the test superlative. Pennsylvania is thoroughly alive.

In the reformed high school, students will not try to get a smattering of many branches, but rather a deep insight into a few. They will realize that intellectual power is what they need, not chopped-up morsels of hodge-podge for the memory to juggle with. Then it won't matter any if you don't happen to remember in what precise year succotash was invented, or who was the first man to wear suspenders.



## THE NEGRO



It seems strange that the intelligent black man or Afro-American, is never brought before the public as the white man of no greater ability is.

All you can hear or read of is, a negro lynched here or there, for this or that crime. Of course there are bad black sheep as well as bad white sheep. But what does America mean to us? The song written by the real negro poet, Charles F. White, of Chicago, will answer this question.

O Country, 'tis of thee,  
Land of the Lynching Bee,  
Of thee I sing.  
How long will this base wrong  
Pollute thy freedom's song?  
Perpetrated by a throng  
Of heartless fiends.

My native country thee,  
How I long to be free!  
Thy name to love.  
I long to see the time  
When this most heinous crime  
Will be changed to deeds divine,  
Like those above.

Let wailings swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees:  
"God's will be done."  
Let mortal souls awake—  
Let all that breathe partake—  
This spell of crime to break  
Ere the nation's gone.

O Gracious God, to thee,  
To thine all-wise mercy,  
We now appeal.  
May this land soon be brought  
Out of this doom it's wrought,  
For long in vain we've sought  
Freedom to feel.

Ever since the first slaves were brought to the United States in 1620, they have known nothing but oppression. Yet the time is fast approaching when we will stand as one people, one nation, one tongue and throw off at one bound this yoke.

One of the graduates of a recent class took as the subject for her commencement address, "The Red-Headed Girl," giving very elegantly the trials and tribulations of the same. But the red-headed girl's trials are not to be compared with those of the negro

boy or girl. Unless they are born with a firm determination to become great they receive no encouragement from the opposite race. From infancy they can not feed upon the fond hope, "I may some day become a great man of the United States." Ah, no! but they may sigh with fear and say, "Some day I too, may be seized and burned at the stake, as many an innocent negro is today." These are their encouragements. But we can thankfully say that our race during its thirty-three years or more of freedom, has produced men and women of whom the world may well be proud. Such as Frederick Douglass, L.L. D., Bishop W. B. Derrick, Booker T. Washington, Mrs. Ida B. Wells, Mrs. Hallie Q. Brown and many others. All have shown a marked intellect, and are working for the upbuilding of our race. I hope that the twentieth century has much in store for the negro; for, as Fred Douglass has said, "Born on American soil, in common with yourselves, deriving our bodies and minds from its dust; centuries have passed since our ancestors were torn from the shores of Africa, we, like yourselves, hold ourselves to be in every sense Americans. Having watered your soil with our tears, enriched it with our blood, performed its roughest labor in time of peace, defended it against enemies in time of war, and having at all times been loyal and true to its highest interests; we now deem it no arrogance or presumption to manifest a common concern for its welfare, prosperity, honor and glory."

—Olive B. Norman, Class 1901.

### CONSISTENCY.

It is undoubtedly better that the "Heathen Chinese" should be taught to love and honor the people who are breaking up his homes and institutions, and trying to get possession of his country, than that we should enforce law and order, and promote charity at home.

A negro or two a day in the South, a couple a week in the North, the burning of public buildings, and the killing of public officers; the tarring and feathering of men who wish to worship God in their own way—these are mere trifles, and besides, are right here at home. If they were across the ocean it would be our urgent duty to make an immediate investigation.

—R. B. M. '01.



## POTPOURRI



Prof. Dickerman of Western Reserve, inspected our school last month. He paid us several compliments, and wound up by saying that we had the best and most enthusiastic school he had visited. He spoke especially of the interest displayed in classes. He remarked the absence of that apathy which is so common in many schools. We are glad we merited commendation and we are sure he meant it, for he is a gentleman given to speaking his mind.

\* \* \* \*

One of our most enjoyable classes, is the one in Business Law. The tenth grade commercial students are now pursuing that study. The interest displayed is intense and the class seems determined to get from it all they can.

\* \* \* \*

The second semester is well under way. The graduating class should be getting their theses ready for the final event. Do not put off till the **last month** the preparation of your thesis. Get it off your hands before the graduating festivities begin to take your spare time.

\* \* \* \*

We take this occasion to warn any derelicts that all studies must be properly accounted for before you can take your place on the stage with the graduating class. Let every back study be made up, before April 1. The last days have too much else to occupy them.

\* \* \* \*

We see in the daily journals that the Board of Regents of the State of New York has decided that only one hundred works of art are fit for the public

schools of that state. The Venus de Milo, Praxiteles' Hermes, the works of Corregia, Murillo and Raphael have been rejected. Many famous paintings have been rejected as "poor but popular." Others as "affected and stilted." Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" Davincis' "Last Supper" and kindred masterpieces fail to come up to the standard of this autocratic board. How bad the ancient masters must feel over the action of this "Regal Board"! And how our heart bleeds for poor Rosa Bonheur! We thought she was something of a painter. But alas! We find that her paintings are not even fit to be hung before the admiring eyes of uncritical school children. The Board of Regents of New York has so decreed it. They must belong to that class of cranks designated by Sam Jones as "long haired men and short haired women." "Verily they are the people! And all wisdom shall die with them!"—We don't think.

\* \* \* \*

A very good idea of the trend of England's popular thought these days is to be gleaned from the pages of The Sketch. The marked difference between the American and British mind is nowhere so apparent. Pupils should read this journal, not so much for the intrinsic value of its contents, but as a study of racial characteristics.

\* \* \* \*

There must be a decided improvement in our Literary Societies. The teachers shall hereafter be required to look after the pupils assigned to duty from their respective rooms. Each pupil should take pride in doing his very best, when called before the school. We have allowed the pupils considerable latitude in running the societies to suit themselves. From now on we shall take a hand ourselves.

Mr. Dearborn representing Henry Holt & Co., visited the chemistry and zoology classes February 7.



The singing book which has been used so long in the high school chapel will be replaced at once by a new book, "The Beacon Song Collection No. 1."



E. F. COLLINS

Optician and Jeweler. Y. M. C. A. building.



It was a shame that the Newark high school basket ball team was defeated by the team of the Central high school at Columbus. The boys are now busy practicing and say such a defeat will not occur again.



Arrangements have been made for a series of lectures to be given at the high school chapel February 25, 26 and 27, at 1, 3:30 and 8 p. m. The lectures will be given by Col. C. H. French and will be illustrated with magnificent stereopticon views. The subjects are as follows: "India," "Cuba and the Maine," "Alaska and the Klondyke". The proceeds are for the funds to frame the pictures which were purchased by the different schools last spring. The price of admission is, children 10 cents, adults 15.



For the best hair cut and shave call at A. P. Teusher's.



An excellent opportunity is afforded those interested in science to hear a lecture on "Liquid Air", which will be given in Granville, March 1. Those desiring to go will please leave their names at Stewart's drug store. The price is 50 cents, just one-half the regular price. Prof. Woodland is a graduate of Denison and has promised to give a lecture there for his expenses. These must be guaranteed. We hope all will go who can possibly do so.

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# LOCALS



The Seniors have now commenced their reviews.



Quite a number of visitors attend our literary programs.



Miss Ida Cree of Webster City, Iowa, has entered the Junior class.



Miss Hattie Jones was absent a couple of days on account of sickness.



The executive committees of the two literary societies met January 28.



Prof. Dickerman of the Western Reserve visited the high school January 31.



Mary Prior of the Senior class was absent a few days on account of sickness.



The class in Business Law is under the guidance of Prof. Humes this semester. The class numbers twenty-five.



The zoology classes have learned a number of interesting facts by the dissection of the sparrow and rabbit.



Miss Mary Jones of the class of 1900, and Mr. Guy Jones of '99, visited chapel Thursday morning, January 31.

Lee Wyeth of the Sophomore class, and Logan Frye of Senior class have been on the sick list.



Mr. Parkhurst, of Ginn & Co., visited the various classes, February 8.



Messrs. Earl Haight and Ned Dickenson visited chapel Monday, February 4.



Mr. Christian, president of the Board, visited chapel Friday morning, February 8.



The instruction of drawing in the high school will be given the first period Tuesday morning hereafter.



A member of the Senior class was talking about the intersecting work in zoology. What did he mean?



Monday, January 28, Prof. Humes read the Seniors a lecture on "American Literature."



Miss Clara Smith of Mansfield, was a visitor at the high school a couple of weeks ago.



Earl Seward of the Senior class was absent several weeks on account of sickness.



Mary Neal stood at the head of the chemistry class last semester. Not often that a girl carries off the honors in science.



## JUST FOR FUN



### Equal to the Emergency.

She said, "I cannot kiss you sir,"  
While to her cheeks the color flew.  
"Well, never mind," he said to her,  
"You just keep still and I'll kiss you."

\* \* \* \*

What kind of people does the bible allow to flirt?  
The widow's mite.

\* \* \* \*

Wonder why Lucille H. and Garfield H. objected to  
the personals?

\* \* \* \*

Small Boy—Papa, are two heads better than one?  
Papa—Sometimes, my son.  
Small Boy—Is that the reason they put 'em on  
playing cards?

\* \* \* \*

Ask Howard B. about the reporter for the American-Tribune calling him up by 'phone.

\* \* \* \*

The following occurred in the zoology class:  
Prof. D.—What, in nature, destroys sparrows, besides man?  
Mabel B.—Cats!

\* \* \* \*

"Dear me!" said the boarder. "What do you think of a couple that have been courting for twenty-five years? What kind of an anniversary could you call that?"

"I should call it a silver spoon," said the cheerful idiot.

\* \* \* \*

Prof. D. wasn't so easily fooled after all, even if Shirley P. did hand in a specimen in geology labeled "glassy quartz," which was only a piece of glass from Everett's factory so kindly furnished by one of the boys.

"Did Brown leave the country for good?" "I reckon so; it's been doing purty well ever since."

\* \* \* \*

Why is a rotten potato like a bee hive?  
A bee hive is a beeholder, a beholder is a spectator, and a specked tater is a rotten 'tater.

\* \* \* \*

Norval Kennett gave the following in his description of Margaret Fuller: "The most remarkable thing was that she was a woman."


\* \* \* \*

Mary H. comparing rythm and rhyme with dancing: "Oh! it comes natural to some people." Miss Moore: "That is very nice."


### THE DREAMER.

There are those to whom the dream is more than the reality. Inspired by visions are they instead of by well assured facts. The great ones of the world belong to this class. The world calls them dreamers and is in the end ruled by them. Mohammed, Napoleon, Washington, Gladstone, Bismarck, Lincoln, all these were followers of their own aspirations and ambitions, guided by a foresight which looked to others, when the event materialized, like foreknowledge.

The great man is simply the man who retains and tries to realize the generous dreams of his boyhood and youth. Most men and women are "quitters." They start in the race of life with enthusiasm and determination enough, but the effort of the start is too much for them, and they lag at the first milestone. It is the dreamer who keeps on, not because of greater mental or physical strength, but because of his unfading, unchangeable dream. The urging vision, fresh and inspiring, will not let him stop. And when life's race is done his name alone, of all the starting contestants, is written on the pages of his time, and "the rest" are "nowhere."—Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion.



## Our Exchanges



The Purple Advocate does have good articles and their editorials are well written. It is needless to say they agree with us, as (quoting from that paper) "We published a very interesting article on Ohio Wesleyan University of Delaware, and this month's issue contains a fine article on Ohio State University."



In reviewing the exchanges we find the contributions made by the different pupils are more interesting when the year is given. Of course something fine is naturally expected of a Senior, but when an especially good essay is written by—say a Freshman or Sophomore it deserves especial mention.



Old Gold and Purple pays us a handsome compliment in the January issue. We appreciate the compliment. Here's to the gallant editor of the Old Gold and Purple! May The Hetuck ever deserve his good opinion.



We are patiently waiting for a Wind Mill to arrive, and think the Manlius (N. Y.) people know what "Wind Mill" we mean.



We are in receipt of the last two copies of the Eugene High School News. The class of 1902 certainly does write elevating class noes(?)



The High School Argus has a neat heading for its editorial column. The first number comes to us from Washington C. H., and we must say it has made a very good start in its career.



We compliment the X Rays on its cover and designs for its columns. They are very commendable.



In looking over our exchanges it seems to be quite the things to publish a picture of "our" football team.

A hint to the High School Echo. Why not add something to your paper and publish it once a month?



To the High School Exponent: O, I don't know, we think we are doing quite a prosperous business with the exchanges. This is the first number of the High School Exponent that we have had the pleasure of looking over.



We are very glad to note the High School Sentiment among our new exchanges.



We can not think of the Polaris Lady on the corner of the January number as not approving of an advertisement of smokers' supplies.

### A TALE OF THE DAY.

There was once a Man who was always Figuring. This Man was undoubtedly very Smart and of Brilliant Parts, but that didn't pay the Rent.

So his Wife took in washing by day and ironed at night. During the day the Man read, and gazed at the stars by night.

One Day he was going to a friend's House for a Book on "The Philosophy of Metamorphic Culture as Indicated by Ethereal Radiation," and being so Absorbed in Figuring on the Sun's heat he walked right through a Stream, and Dried his clothes with his Thoughts. He got to Calculating the Gravity of the Moon, when a Rock fell off a Precipice and Took him one on the head, but as the Moon's gravity is very small, the rock didn't hurt. But the Next Thing he did was to fall into a Bear Trap. As he had never seen these pictured in the Star Catalogues or explained in his Geology, he didn't know What to do. It puzzled him completely. It also hurt. But it brought him back to earth, and he is now working in a coal yard at 1.15 per diem.

Moral—It takes more than a falling house to wake some people up.

R. B. M. '01.

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